

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Torture Chamber"

(feat. CZARFACE)

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

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[Inspectah Deck:]

They onto your name when you reach the top
How I got 'em lined up, have it lookin' like a new Jordan sneaker drop
That's when the speaking stop
That's when the creepers plot
That's cause the hate start to burn like tequila shots
That's cause I came from the bottom now I'm here
As long as you don't step in my airs then I don't care
Got a one way ticket to Cashville
Still make dome spin faster than Jag wheels and that's real
Wanna swim with the shark, think you big fish?
I ain't talking hairstyles how your wig's twist
I'm talking reckless
I'm talking effortless
I talk later I'm checking off my checklist
That's the bank I get
For devil's loose lips, green eyes, screw face – that's the thanks I get
High rank I set
While you be in your BCBG's frontin' on some gangsta shit

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[Esoteric:]

We're the rhyming replacement for Michael Myers and Jason
A homicidal invasion, I'll watch you die in a basement
I'll put your spine in a basin
I'll cut your limbs into thirds
Cause you ain't half the rapper that you was, shits for the birds
You're where I'm flowin' on a rabid hunt
I'm bussin' and I'm rushin' like that LeGarrette Blount
Frontin' like you ballin' but you had to punt
A pharaoh with a killer rep
Movin' with a Philly vet, who put me on a Willie Pep
And now I'm busting realer step
Or I may be louder than Baby in Baby Driver
Amazing, embrace the rhymers
I'm major, you placed in minor
I killed it
You pay the piper like I'm rowdy Roddy
Body ciphers like a Bengal tiger
I'm hyper, there's no survivors
My saliva melts steel
The vibe is real (yeah)
I'll autograph your bodybags so it's signed and sealed
Yeah, you gotta give it to him
Another pivotal win
I'm coming at your neck like I work for Digital Sin
Yo

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[Vinnie Paz:]

Yeah
Listen, slime, you a nursery rhyme, spider on the back
And mine is like putting a lighter to the crack
That new Gucci shit got the tiger on the back
And the Lamborghini sound like it's a lion in the back
The goyard bags make it seem like its braille
The HK got a scope and a beam on a rail
See, as long as I'm alive I be the reason you fail
And if you reach for somethin' I'ma have this nina repel (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
It took a minute but I'm back on my deen
But I still got these hitters that'll clap through a bean (ta-ta-ta-ta)
Ya'll ain't the fightin' type, I don't understand ya'll

All you hear is shots and sirens like you in a dance hall
Arroz con gandules & mofongo when the fam call
Puerto Ricans everywhere, it's like we playing handball
Ya'll the type that for trick for plays, motherfuckers flea-flick
Creep on 'em and murk him with the pillow that he sleep with